

1,250,000

DAILY AVERAGE FOR SIXTY DAYS. LARGEST EVER REACHED.
A MILLION AND A QUARTER A DAY.

1,250,000

Quarter of a Million Ahead
of Any Contemporary.

Average daily circulation of the Journal 1,213,751
Average daily circulation of the Petit
Journal of Paris, the next largest in
the world 1,000,000
The Journal leads all the world by.... 213,751

NEW YORK JOURNAL

AND ADVERTISER.

WEATHER

FOR NEW YORK CITY:
THREATENING WEATHER;
STATIONARY TEMPERATURE.
For New York, New Jersey, Eastern
Pennsylvania and Connecticut:
Stationary temperature; weather
threatening.
The highest temperature yesterday
was 80 degrees, at 1 p. m.
The lowest temperature yesterday
was 67 degrees, at 2 a. m.



NO. 5,753.

Copyright, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.—NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1898.—14 PAGES.

PRICE ONE CENT In Greater New York; Elsewhere,
and Jersey City. TWO CENTS.

MAKE SATURDAY A FULL HOLIDAY, SO ALL THE PEOPLE MAY SEE OUR VICTORIOUS FLEET.

Let the Nation's Metropolis Turn Out to Welcome the Home-Coming of the Battle-Scarred War Ships Manned by the Heroes of a Victorious Navy.



THE NEW YORK
DEMOLISHES MATANZAS

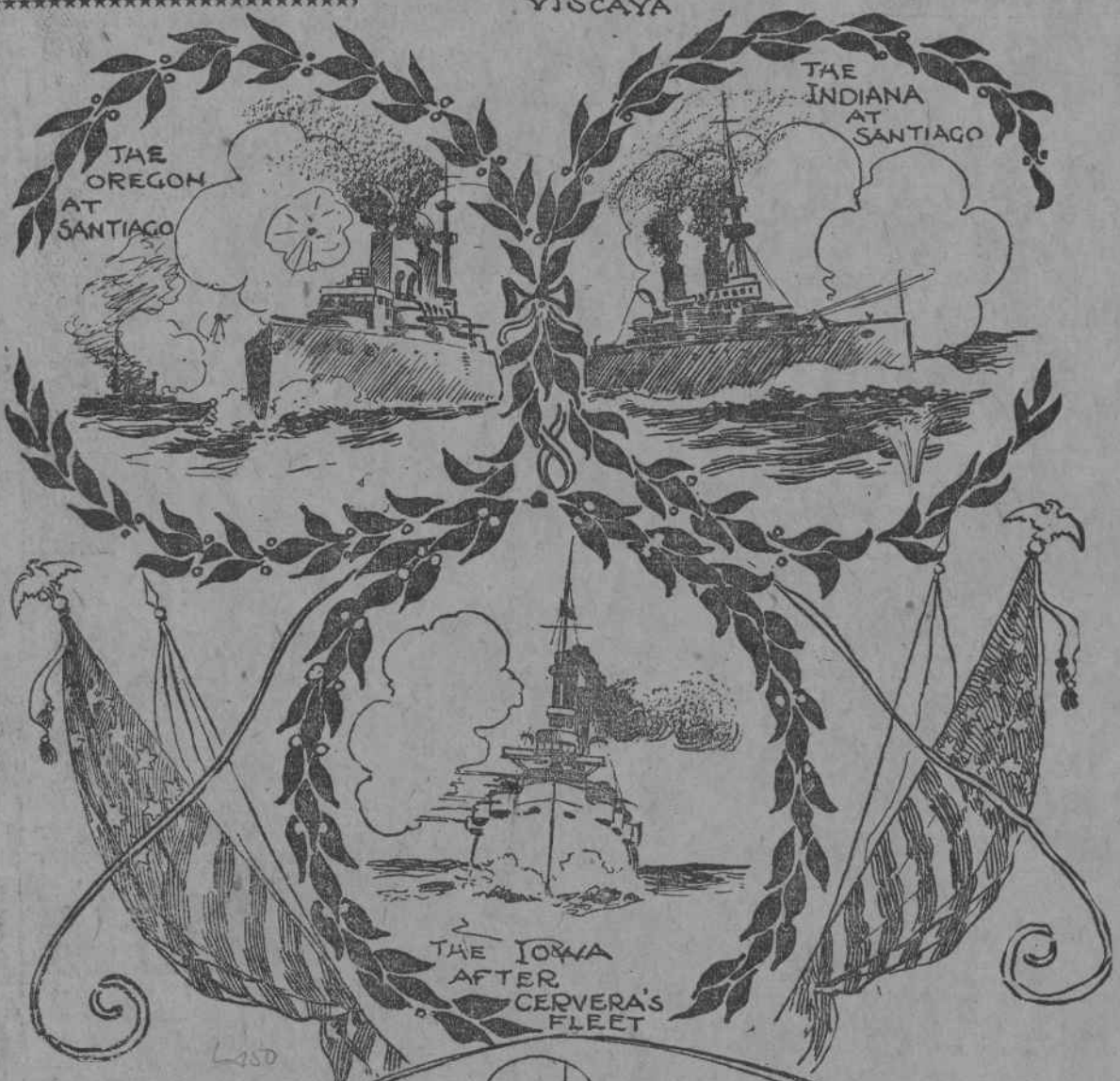
HOW TO SEE PARADE.

Good places from which to view the great naval pageant next Saturday:

- Battery Park.
- Piers north and south of Fourteenth Street ferries.
- River bank, between Forty-second and Fifty-ninth streets.
- Heights in Hoboken and Weehawken.
- High ground east of railroad tracks, between Sixtieth and Seventy-second streets.
- Riverside Park, for its entire length.



THE BROOKLYN
DESTROYS
THE VISCAIA



THE OREGON
AT SANTIAGO

THE INDIANA
AT SANTIAGO

THE IOWA
AFTER
CERVERA'S FLEET



THE MASSACHUSETTS

MAKE Saturday a full holiday! Give everybody, rich and poor, high and low, laborer and idler, a chance to properly greet the great fighting machines of our navy as they steam up North River, showing their scars of battle to a proud people, a chance to get out and whoop and hurrah.

Enter into the spirit of the day as it should be entered into. Why work when our sailor boys come home with a record of having put a whole navy of a fighting power in the depths of old ocean with a loss to Uncle Sam that is almost infinitesimal?

The Journal believes that every man

who employs labor should say to his employees on Friday night a few words, something along the line of the following:

"Here, you American citizens and proud residents of the greatest municipality of the greatest country the sun ever shone on, to-morrow there are coming in from the boundless recesses of the sea a fleet of fighting ships manned by victorious Yankee tars. Their record in the war with Spain has been glorious. Our blood has tingled and our hearts have thrilled at the recital of their deeds."

"We want to welcome them, and welcome them right. Instead of taking half the day off to-morrow, take it all. Get out and so greet the returning heroes that all the glory of battle, all the satisfaction of victory, will seem as nothing to the sweet sense of duty well done and well appreciated."

And then it might be in line for the employer to make his plans that his business might run itself for Saturday. And he might take his wife and his family, or his sweetheart, out to welcome the returning tars, and make them so well satisfied that they fought and won for Uncle Sam that they would not trade their jobs in his navy for all the value of the Spanish ships destroyed. For all that, they wouldn't, anyhow.

Why not make it a holiday twenty-four hours long for everybody—a holiday commensurate with the occasion, for this is the first time in the history of the United States that we have had a chance to welcome so great a fleet home from a successful war with a foreign power?

VICTORIOUS TROOPS CANNOT BE HERE.

IN the absence of information as to when we may see the soldiers who fought in Cuba in the absolute consciousness that they will not be allowed to join in Saturday's demonstration, the preliminary outburst of satisfied patriotism of a proud people must be lavished on the sailors and the ships. Limited as is the time it appears that the demonstration due to the war vessels and their gallant crews will surpass anything in the history of this town.

There is not time to do much in the way of organized preparation, but for an unorganized reception it is safe to wager that the Jack tars of Uncle Sam will encounter something that will make them glad they were born in time to get into the war just happily passed.

The Journal presented to Acting Mayor Gugenheimer the plan of making Saturday a full holiday. He was enthusiastic over the idea, but could not see the way clear to do anything with it in the regular way.

"The time," he said, "given us to arrange for a proper and abundant show of our appreciation of the valiant deeds of our sailors is entirely too short. New York is resourceful enough for any undertaking, no matter how great, but I fear in this case that the people and the municipality are unequal to the requirements of the great occasion."

Mayor Van Wyck Coming.

"However, Mayor Van Wyck has informed me by wire of his intention to come to the city to-morrow, and I am sure that anything in his power to promote the general enthusiasm and patriotic requirements of the day will be done."

To Mayor Van Wyck will also be left the pleasant duty of tendering the freedom of the city to the officers and men of the victorious fleet. This time-honored custom, of course, is only a matter of form, for the freedom of the city will naturally fall to the heroes, but there is something about the formality of it that will touch both the recipients of the favor and the people of the city to which they will be welcomed. The views of the Mayor concerning this have not been obtained, but there is no doubt about what his action will be.

Schley Will Be Here.

It was feared for a time yesterday that the cruiser Brooklyn and Commodore Schley might be missing from the pageant. News from Guantanamo said that the Brooklyn had been detailed to go on a hunt for General Blanco, who was said to have escaped from Havana with great quantities of treasure, with the intention of getting to Spain. But the doubt has been dispelled. The Brooklyn will be here.

This assurance was given last night to the Journal by Assistant-Secretary Allen, who said that four battle ships and two cruisers would surely be in the parade. The cruisers he named as the New York and Brooklyn.

This alone is enough to make Greater New York turn out and cut loose as only

BEAUTIFUL GIRL STRANGELY MURDERED IN THE GRAND HOTEL FOR HER MONEY AND JEWELS.

Emelyne Reynolds
Killed with a Bludgeon
and Robbed.

S. J. Kennedy, a Dentist,
Who Had Spent the Evening
with Her, Arrested.

\$2,000 EARRINGS GONE.

The Daughter of a Respectable
Mount Vernon Builder, She
Had Led a Gay Life.

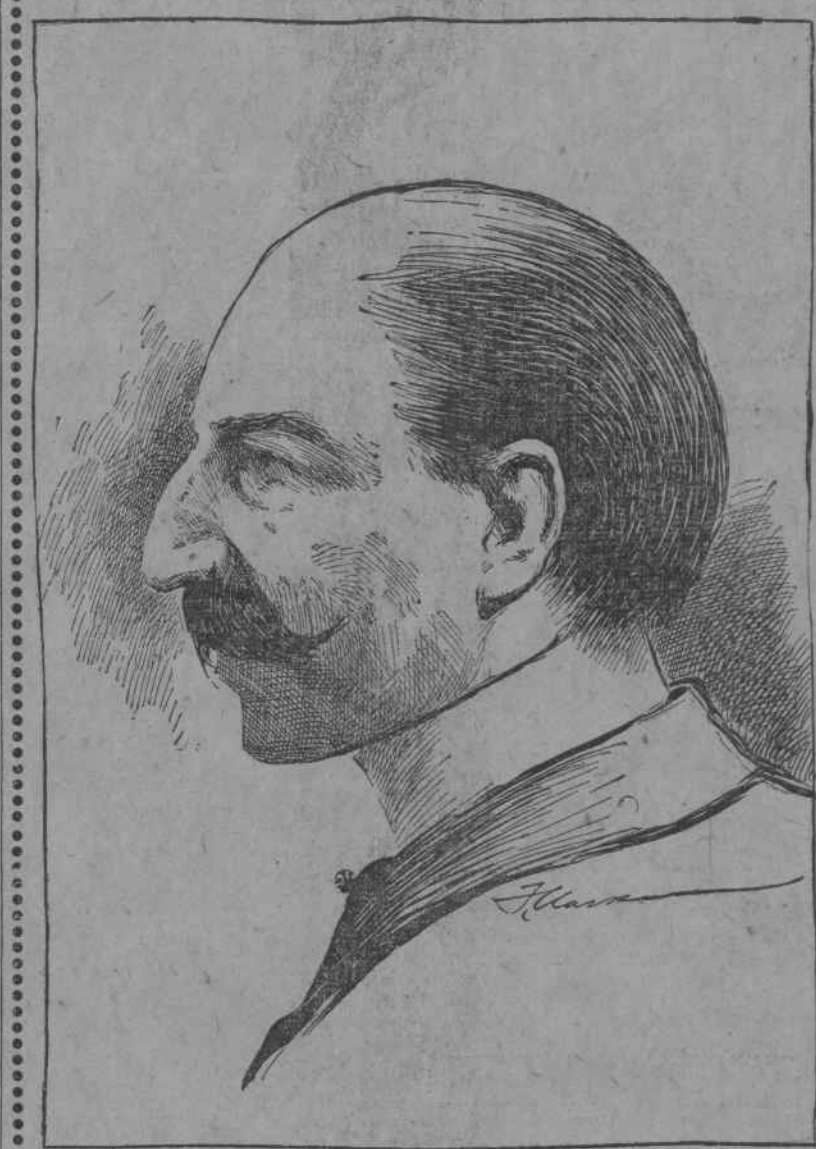
PARENTS TOO COMPLACENT.

Broker Maurice Mendham Had Been
Paying the Expenses of the
Flat in Which She
Had Lived.

HERE is one of the saddest stories ever told in New York. A beautiful girl, twenty-one years old, leads her parents in Mt. Vernon to believe that she is studying earnestly in New York. They frequently visit her, and are proud of her progress. To-day her body is in the morgue. She was murdered in the Grand Hotel, on Broadway, where she had met a man to whom she was bringing \$500 to invest on the race course. Her life was a sham, and her death was its punishment—her head was crushed in, her money stolen, her diamonds torn from her ears; her parent saw stricken with shame and horror, their name is disgraced, and her fate



Emelyne Reynolds, Killed at the Grand Hotel.



Dr. S. J. Kennedy, Charged With the Murder.

is one more warning from the evils of this great city.

EMELYNE REYNOLDS, young, beautiful, the daughter of Edward Reynolds, a wealthy builder, of Mt. Vernon, was found murdered in room 84 at the Grand Hotel yesterday morning. She had registered about noon on Monday, after telling the clerk that she expected her husband. The line she wrote on the hotel book was "E. Maxwell and wife, Brooklyn."

The man arrived later. They drank a bottle of champagne together in their room toward evening. Nothing more was heard of them till morning, when the girl's body was found, her money gone, her rings taken

from her fingers, her diamonds torn from her ears and her head crushed in with a bludgeon. A check for \$13,000 on the Garfield National Bank, payable to the order of Emelyne Reynolds, which was found on the body, led to the arrest of the suspected murderer yesterday afternoon. He is Dr. Samuel J. Kennedy, a dentist, whose office is at No. 60 West Twenty-second street, and who lives at New Dorp, S. I., with his wife and one child.

The endorsement on the check, which was worthless as "S. J. Kennedy," the handwriting was the same as Dr. Kennedy's. He has an account at the Garfield Bank. When Captain Price's detectives took him to the West Thirtieth street sta-

tion house a long string of waiters, hall boys and elevator conductors positively identified him as the man who had spent several hours at the hotel on Monday night with Miss Reynolds. He was seen to leave the house by the staircase and the Broadway door at 2.30 a. m. He and Miss Reynolds had gone to the fourth floor in the elevator together less than three hours before.

The motive for the murder was robbery, pure and simple. From the woman's ears had been torn a pair of diamonds, weighing three carats each, and valued at \$2,000. Two valuable rings were gone from her fingers. A chamois bag, which she always wore about her waist, containing her jewels, was missing. Her small black reticule, in which she had placed \$500, drawn from the Mount Vernon Bank, had been split open with a sharp knife and the money was gone.

Slain with a Bludgeon.

The weapon used was a piece of lead pipe an inch thick, wound with bicycle tape at one end and curved at the other to form a convenient handle. It was a burglar's bludgeon, the cruellest, deadliest weapon that the police are familiar with. It was the weapon of the midnight highwayman, the thug who feels his victim from behind, rifles his pockets and steals away. It was not the sort of weapon usually discovered after a hotel murder. The police are puzzled yet to connect it with the young dentist, whose practice was largest among women and men who knew Broadway and the Tenderloin far better than they knew the dark streets along New York's river from the Battery to the Hudson.

Later in the day it came out that this beautiful girl was leading a double life. At No. 370 West Fifty-eighth street she had luxurious apartments, where she was known as Mrs. Reynolds.

Maurice B. Mendham, the stock broker, of No. 20 Broad street, was prompt in acknowledging that he was the "Mr. Reynolds" of these apartments. He and his lawyer, Joseph Moss, of Howe & Hummel's office, went to the Thirtieth street station early in the afternoon and told the whole story of his relations with the murdered woman. It was no new experience for "Morry" Mendham, as he is known about town. He had to make a somewhat similar statement to the police when beautiful Alice Cozzens killed herself in the old Coleman House five years ago.

In that case, as in this, the police cleared him of all immediate connection with the tragedy and promised him to do all they could "to keep his name out of the papers."

EVENTS THAT LED UP TO HER DEATH.

Many Circumstances Point to Her Companion as Her Murderer.

A YOUNG woman wearing a white straw hat, dotted veil, pink shirt waist, crash skirt and patent leather shoes, and carrying a small black shopping bag, went